KNAVE

VOLUME 18 NUMBER 12

£1.50

THE SECRETS OF THE SEX MANIAC'S DIARY!

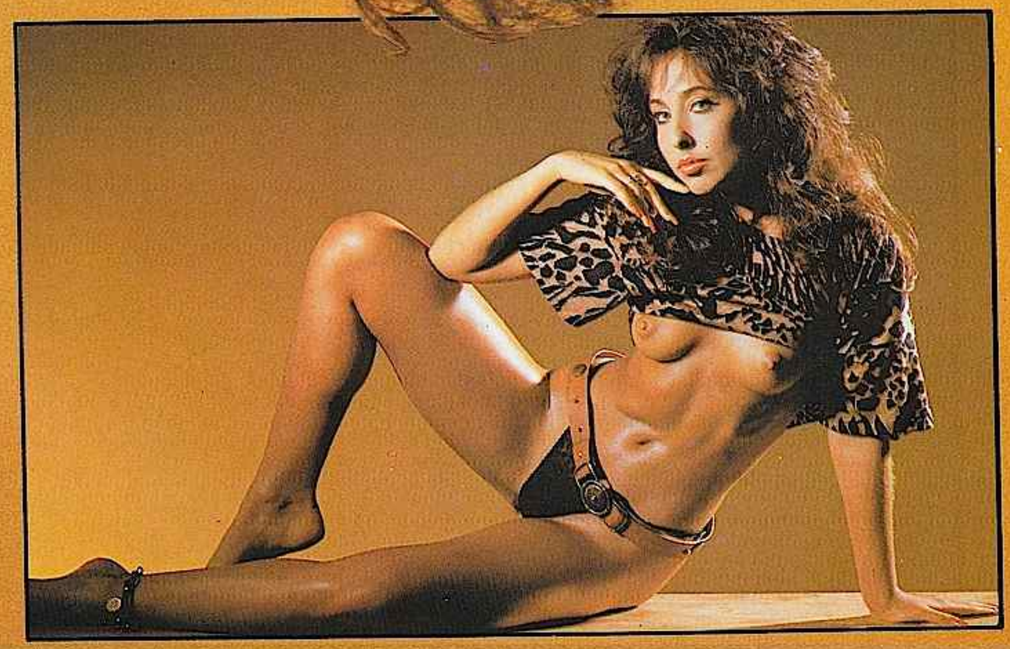
PLUS

THE KNAVE INTERVIEW: "HALLOWEEN" FILM DIRECTOR JOHN CARPENTER

ALFREDA

Alfreda, you will doubtless recall from her last appearance, has an interesting predilection for Assistant Editors, and who can blame her? Speaking as a completely unbiased Assistant Editor I can relate to her wanting to relate to me. In fact, I was going to slip into the changing room to give her every chance of some heavy relating, but some bastard went and chained me to my designer swivel chair. Next time . . .

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW



ALFREDA

KNAVE

Heather Moore

Heather hopped over from Kent for a day's high powered modelling under the expert guidance of a highly motivated, morally suspect bunch of drunkards. When asked what she made of it all, she paled visibly and locked herself in the toilet – sensible move.

When not being put off modelling by Editors, twenty one year old Heather spends her time windsurfing, playing volleyball and navigating for her boyfriend in rallying events. She once worked as a barmaid, but doesn't drink anything stronger than low-calorie tonic water – something the Editor found too perverse to be true. When he first heard about it he paled visibly and locked himself in the bog – a move applauded by all and sundry.

AMATEUR MODEL

A lot of girls do it – how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude – front and back view.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN WALTON

AMATEUR MODEL FORM

AMATEUR MODEL FORM

Send to: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

MODEL'S NAME..... **PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME**.....

ADDRESS..... **ADDRESS**.....

....

TELEPHONE NO...... **TELEPHONE NO.**.....

DATE OF BIRTH..... **SIGNATURE**.....

SIGNATURE..... **DATE PHOTOS TAKEN**.....

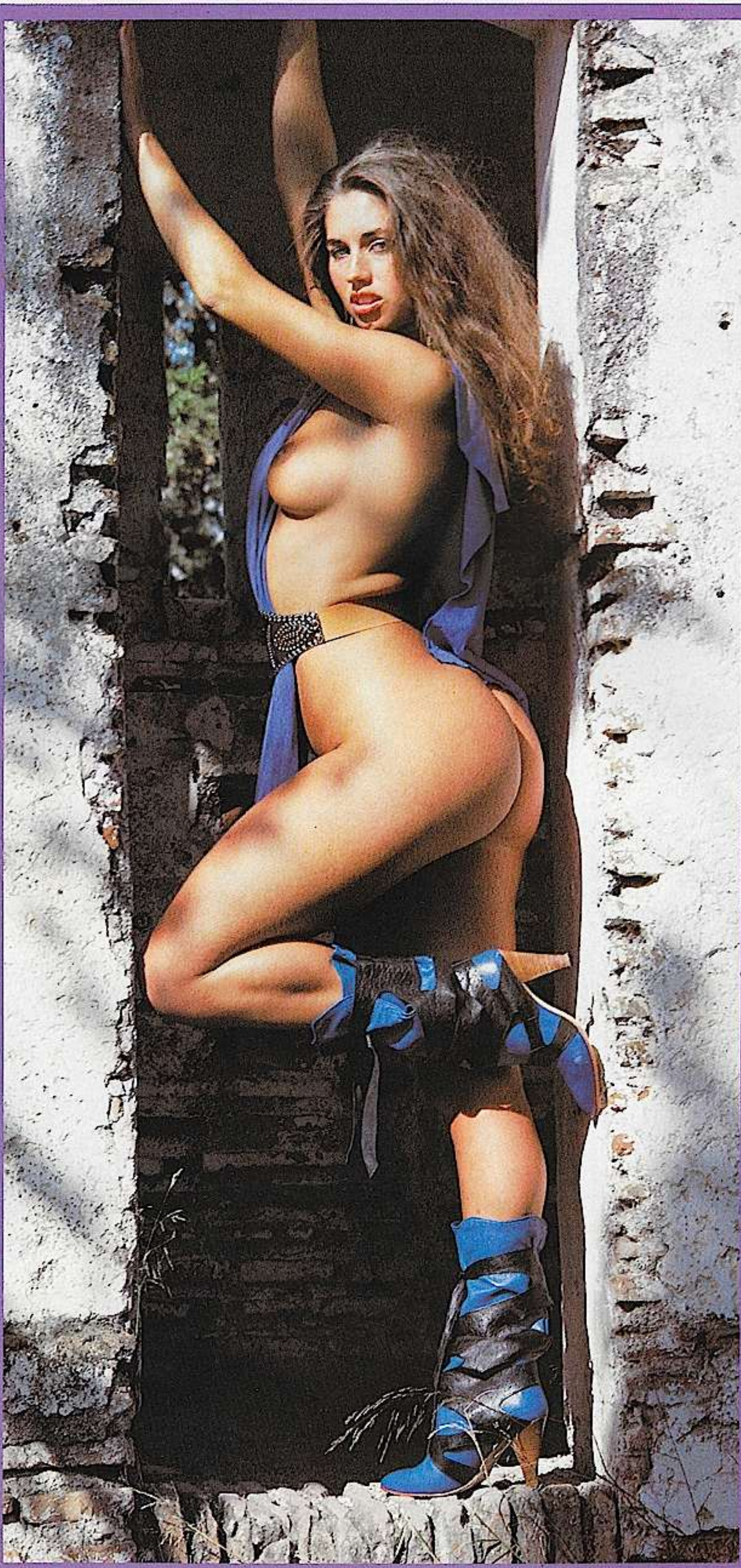
If we like the photos you send us, we'll invite you to our studio for a day's modelling — and pay you £200! And we'll pay £25 to whoever took your photos. We provide a professional make-up artist and photographer — and an enjoyable day out! Come on, girls, let's see your photos!

Leda leads a full and active life. Born in Fremantle on Australia's western seaboard she was once gainfully employed as a black swan tamer. Now she lives in Dorking where she has to make do with scruffy pigeons and similar downmarket feathered friends.

Her hobbies include: getting dressed and undressed very quickly, travelling at speeds in excess of six million million miles per year, doing things outdoors and demolishing ancient buildings with her bare hands.

When not energetically engaged, she likes to relax by gazing into the deep blue sky and lying through her back teeth to nosy bastards from Knave who keep asking stupid questions about her pastimes!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEOFF HAYES



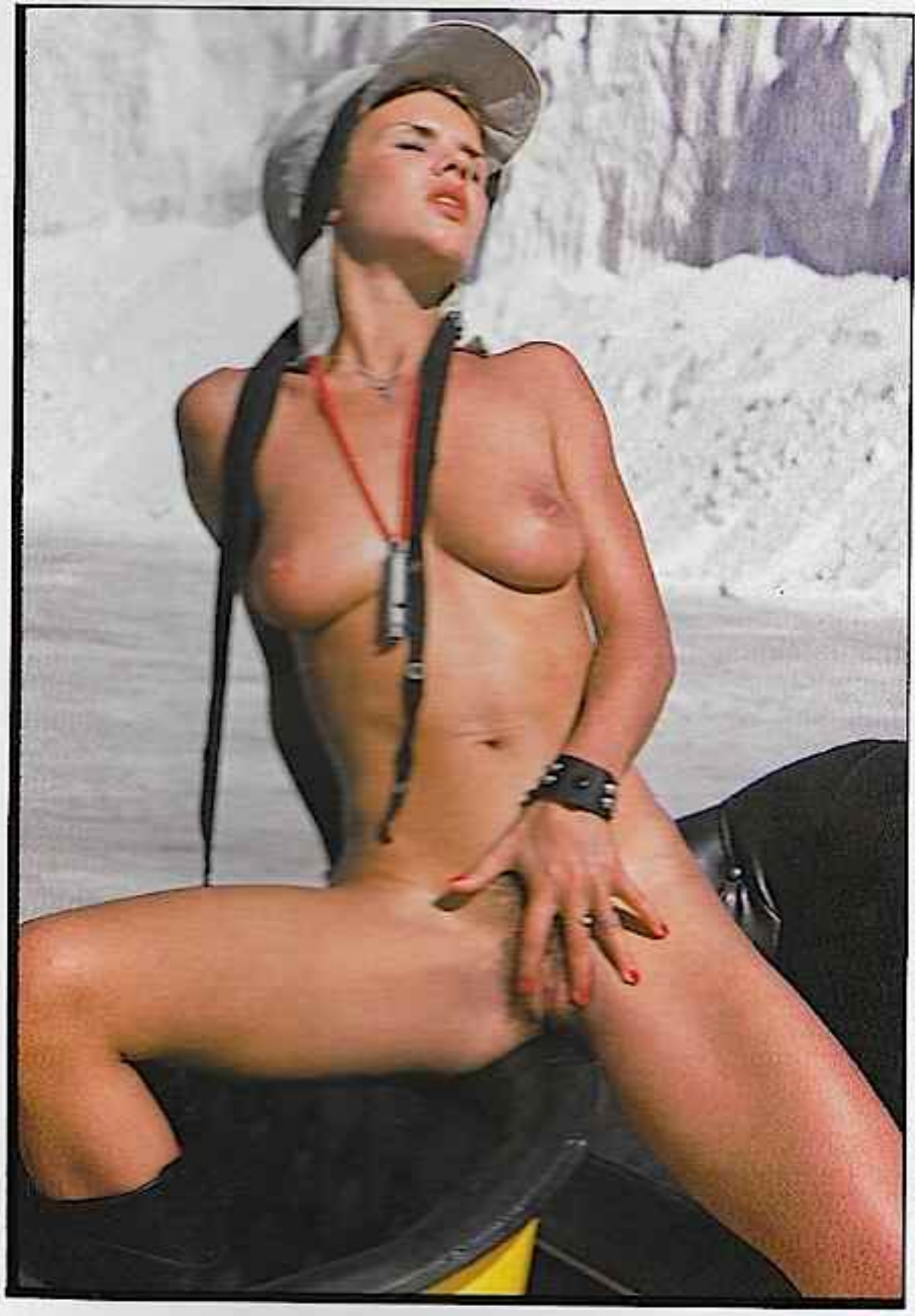
Odette

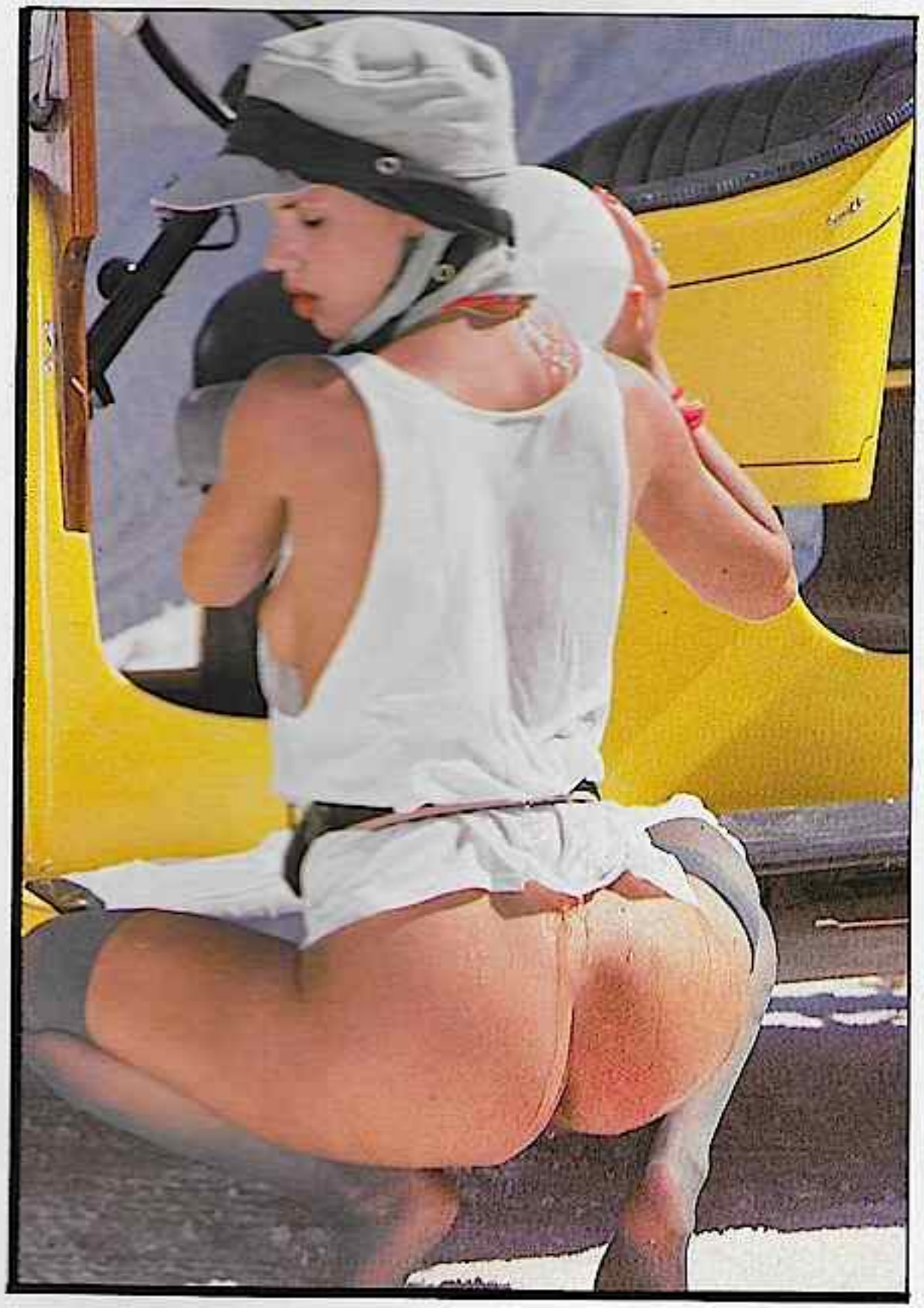
It has come to the attention of this blurb writer that some whingeing little bastard thinks that these captions are not, shall we say, 'earthy' enough. Well, this particular basket of fun, a youngster by the name of Odette, should answer that charge.

A member of French Daughters of the Earth, Odette learned to drive a dumper truck at the age of three. By the time she was five she had passed her advanced bulldozer handling certificate. Not content with this she opened her own earthworks ât the age of seventeen and has madé a personal fortune by designing earthenware chamber pots for the French aristocracy.

In her spare time she likes taking her clothes off in disused earthworks.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAYROL STEVENS

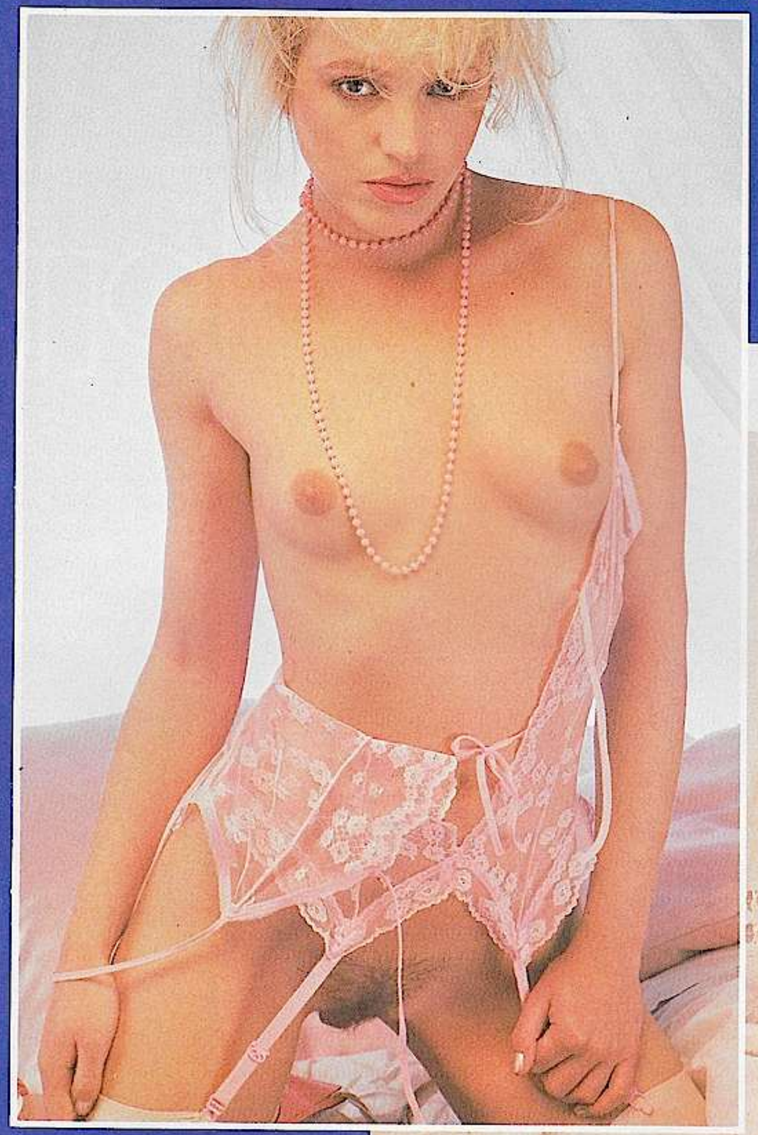




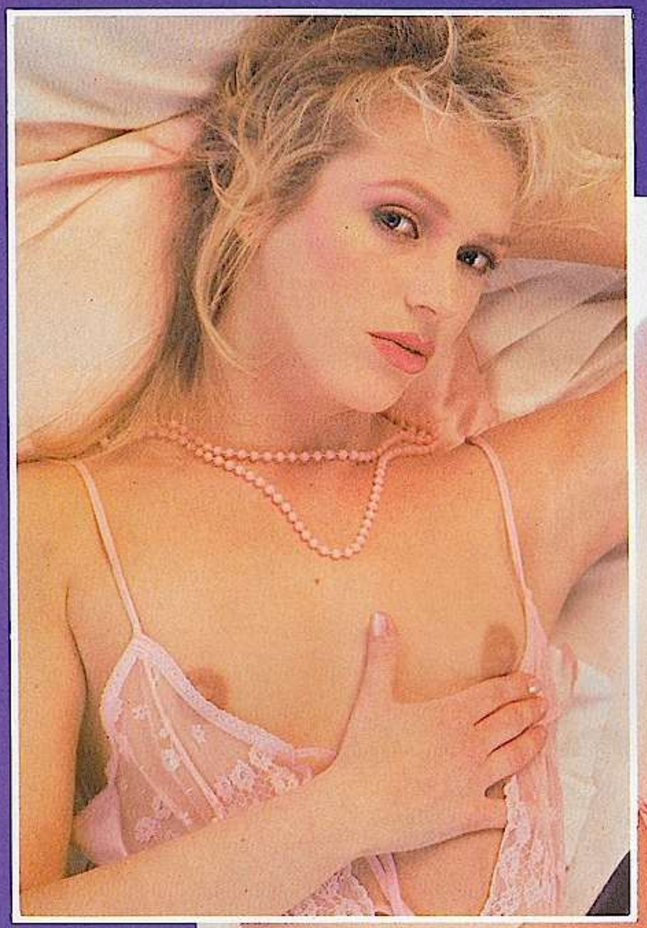
PETA

Peta (pronounced Peter) is the sort of girl to get the gastric juices flowing. At least, that's the opinion of the garrulous gourmand in the Editorial chair.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IAN POTTER



One glimpse of Peta had him composing obscene variations on well known ditties about pumpkin eaters. He even managed to corner the poor girl in a locked broom cupboard. Not that it did him much good.



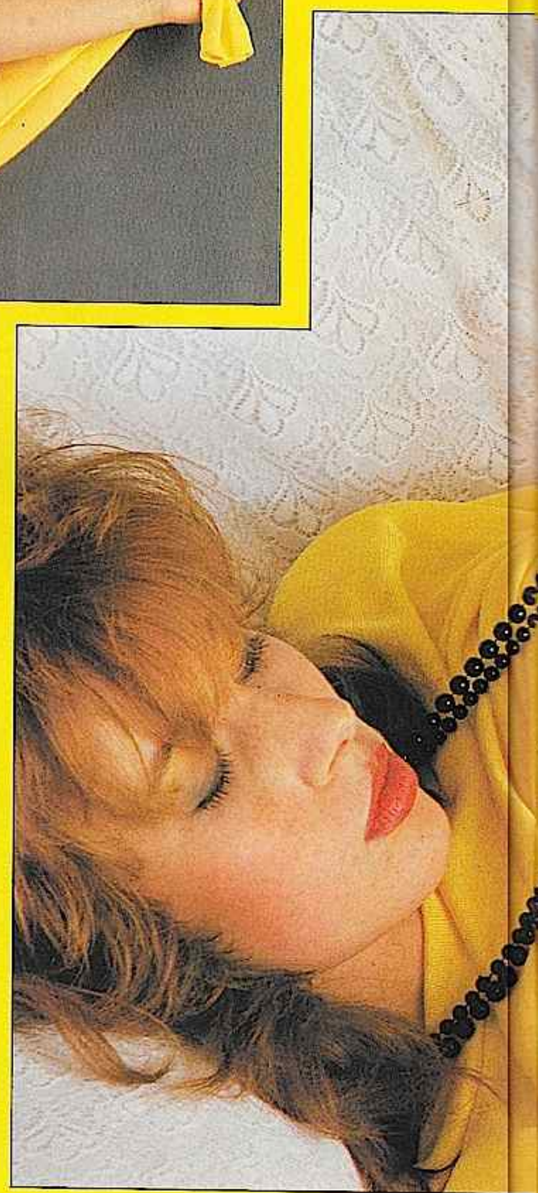
If he'd asked I could have told him that Peta was a vegetarian. She wouldn't even eat cheese, so the chances of her chomping away at El Gutto's sausage sandwich were pretty bloody negligible. He came out with his trousers intact, pleading ignorance. For once, everyone believed him.

RAY

Hey it's Ray. Let's see what we can make out of this bright young spark. Ray . . . hmm . . . ray of light . . . light beam . . . beam . . . sunlight . . . shaft of sunlight . . . shaft . . . sounds promising: has a nice ring to it. Now what does 'shaft' suggest? Mining, archery, internal combustion engines, ventilation, horse drawn carriages – all too obvious, I suppose. But, wait a minute, I remember . . . shaft as in rudies. Yay, what do you say to a lay Ray?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Ah . . . in the interests of preserving face, maintaining a positive self-image and avoiding writing nasty words, I think I'd better not rranscribe Ray's reaction to my word play. Anyway, I wonder what feculent means?



SADIE

Sexy Sadie (cue music), yeah! But did she (cue more music) come in through the bathroom window? And have you (quick change of musical background) seen her sister, Polythene Pam?

No loafing with the loofah, no sponging about. Sadie's a lady sailor — more a case of being a young bath salt, rather than an old sea salt. All washed up ashore, this young sud fiend has devoted her life to trying to wash off a rather fetching tattoo at the top of her right thigh — silly girl. Now if she were to come over to my bathroom . . .